He needes no indirect nor lawfull courſe,
To cut off thoſe that haue offended him.
1 Who made thee then a bloody miniſter,
When gallant ſpring,braue Plantagenet,
The Princely Nouice was ſtrooke dead by thee.
Cla. My brothers loue,the Diuell, and my rage.
1 Thy brothers loue, the Diuell,and thy fault,
Haue brought vs hither now to murder thee,
Cla. Oh,if you loue my brother,hate not me,
I am his brother, and I loue him well:
If you be hirde for neede, goe backe againe,
And I will ſend you to my brother *Glocester*,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Then *Edward* will for tidings of my death.
2 You are deceiued,your brother *Glocester* hates you.
Cla. Oh no,he loues me,and he holds me deare,
Goe you to him from me.
Am. I ſo we will.
Cla. Tell him,when that our Princely father *Yorke*,
Bleſt his three ſonnes with his victorious arme;
And chargd vs from his ſoule to loue each other,
He little thought of this diuided friendſhip,
Bid *Glocester* thinke on this,and he will weepe.
Am. I,milſtones,as he leſſoned vs to weepe.
Cla. O doe not ſlander him for he is kind.
1 Right as ſnow in harueſt, thou deceiueſt thy ſelfe,
Tis he that ſent vs hither now to murder thee.
Cla. It cannot be: for when I parted with him
He hugd me in his armes, and ſwore with ſobs,
That he would labour my deliuery.
2 Why ſo he doth,now he deliuers thee,
From this worlds thraldome, to the ioyes of Heauen.
1 Make peace with God,for you muſt dye my Lord.
Cla. Haſt thou that holy feeling in thy ſoule,
To counſell me to make my peace with God;
And art thou yet to thy owne ſoule ſo blinde,
That thou wilt war with God,for murdring me?
Ah ſirs conſider, he that ſet you on
To doe this deed,will hate you for this deed,

2 What

2 What ſhall we doe?
Cla. Relent, and ſaue your ſoules.
1 Relent,tis cowardly,and womaniſh.
Cla. Not to relent,is beaſtly ſauage,and diuel
My friends I ſpie ſome pitty in your lookes;
Oh if thy eyes be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my ſide and intreate for me:
A begging Prince what begger pitties not?
1 I thus,and thus: if this will not ſerue .*H*
Ile chop thee in the Malmeſey but in the next
2 A bloody deed and deſperately performd,
How faine would I like *Pilate* waſh my hands
Of this moſt grieuous guilty murder done.
1 Why doſt thou not helpe me?
By heauen the Duke ſhall know how ſlacke th
2 I, would he knew that I had ſaued his bro
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I ſay;
For I repent me that the Duke is ſlaine.
1 So doe not I,goe coward as thou art,
Now muſt I hide his body in ſome hole,
Vntill the Duke take order for his buriall:
And when I haue my meed I muſt away,
For this will out,and here I muſt not ſtay.
Enter King, Queene, Hastings, Riuers,
King. So now I haue done a good dayes wo
Your Peares continue the vnited league,
I euery day expect an Embaſſage
From my Redemer,to redeeme me hence:
And now in peace my ſoule ſhall part to heau
Since I haue ſet my friends at peace on earth
Riuers and *Hastings*,take each others hand,
Diſemble not your hatred, ſweare your loue.
Ri. By heauen my heart is purged from gru
And with my hand I ſeale my true hearts loue
Hast. So thriue I as I ſweare the like.
King. Take heed you dally not before you
Leaſt he that is the ſupreame King of Kings,
Confound your hidden falſehood,and award
Eyther of you to be the others end.